

MASK FOUND NEAR SCENE OF CRIME.

Two Arrests Also Made in the Case of Farmer Nichols's Murder.

POLICE SAY 'UNIMPORTANT.'

New York Detectives and the Bridgeport Force Not Working in Harmony.

REWARD INCREASED TO \$1,000.

Miss Nichols, Who Was Shot by the Burglars at the Time Her Brother Was Killed, Is Out of Danger.

The reward of \$800 offered by the town of Trumbull for the murderers of Farmer Nichols was yesterday increased to \$1,000. The first arrest in the case was made quietly on Sunday morning before daylight. John Burke, a tea pedler of Bridgeport, was the prisoner, and yesterday, after being examined by the police, he was released.

Burke had been in the country selling tea to the farmers for several days and returned to Bridgeport a few days ago. He said that while near the Nichols homestead on the night of the murder he had seen the men in a covered wagon driving toward this city. He was arrested at his house on Commercial street, by Policeman Hackett, and locked up for a time at Police Headquarters.

A more important arrest followed that of Burke, although the police pretend to be light of it. Two men, who gave their names as George and James Wilson but are not related, were taken into custody near Police Headquarters, on Main street.

When James Wilson was searched a piece of black thin cloth was found in his pocket. He claimed that he had been using it for a handkerchief, and that he got it from an umbrella repairer at Van Ness, N. Y. He told a disconnected story, however, and was particularly guarded in all replies to questions concerning the murder and robbery.

Shortly after his arrest, the detectives who had been working in the vicinity of Daniel's Farm, where the crime was committed, reported finding a piece of black cloth that from appearances had evidently been used as a mask, as there was an eye-hole in it. The mask had evidently been torn into two pieces. Besides this, a cuff that had been torn from the sleeve of a shirt, was found with the piece of cloth in the yard back of the Nichols house. The cuff was covered with mud, and larger spots of blood were found on it. Both are in possession of the detectives.

An air of mystery surrounds the movements of the police. They have claimed that no clues have as yet been found, and that the detention of any one, they say they have several persons, whom they are watching.

The detectives are working in the vicinity of the scene of the murder. One of the men yesterday afternoon came upon a few some days ago, which had developed very satisfactorily yesterday. "Within the next twenty-four hours," said he mysteriously, "there will be some lively times in this section." When the other detectives were asked to about it they laughed, and claimed there was "nothing in it."

Francis Nichols, the little brother of the victim, who was shot by one of the robbers, is greatly improved, and is now out of danger.

DOG PINED FROM GRIEF.

His Master Was Killed by a Train a Week Ago and He Refused to Eat and Had to Be Shot.

The faithful white bulldog which was with Pasquale Siciliano, his master, when he was killed in East New York a week ago, is dead. The animal became vicious on Sunday, and Superintendent Clark, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, ordered him shot.

Pasquale was hit by a Rockaway Beach train at Atlantic avenue and Linwood street, and his body was carried to Logan street, ten blocks, on the pilot of the engine. His broken cage was found beside the track.

When the patrol wagon bore the mangled body of the Italian to an undertaking establishment, it was followed by the white dog. The animal forced his way to the box in which the remains were laid, and, jumping upon the box, licked the face of the man and began to howl dismally. At length the animal was taken to the station house nearby, but continued to wail. He refused all food.

The policemen were disturbed all night by the howling, and on Friday, Captain Baldwin turned the dog over to the society. The proximity of the other dogs seemed to irritate him, and he became vicious. He bit the keeper and snapped at the attendants who set food before him. A left to himself the dog would howl continually. He became gaunt, and was shot on Sunday that he could hardly stand. The last two days he even refused to drink a drop of water.

The dog of the Liberty Avenue station is positive that the dog was his master when he was killed, and the grief for him was responsible for the animal's strange conduct.

The coroner's jury vindicated Engineer William H. White, of the train which ran down the man.

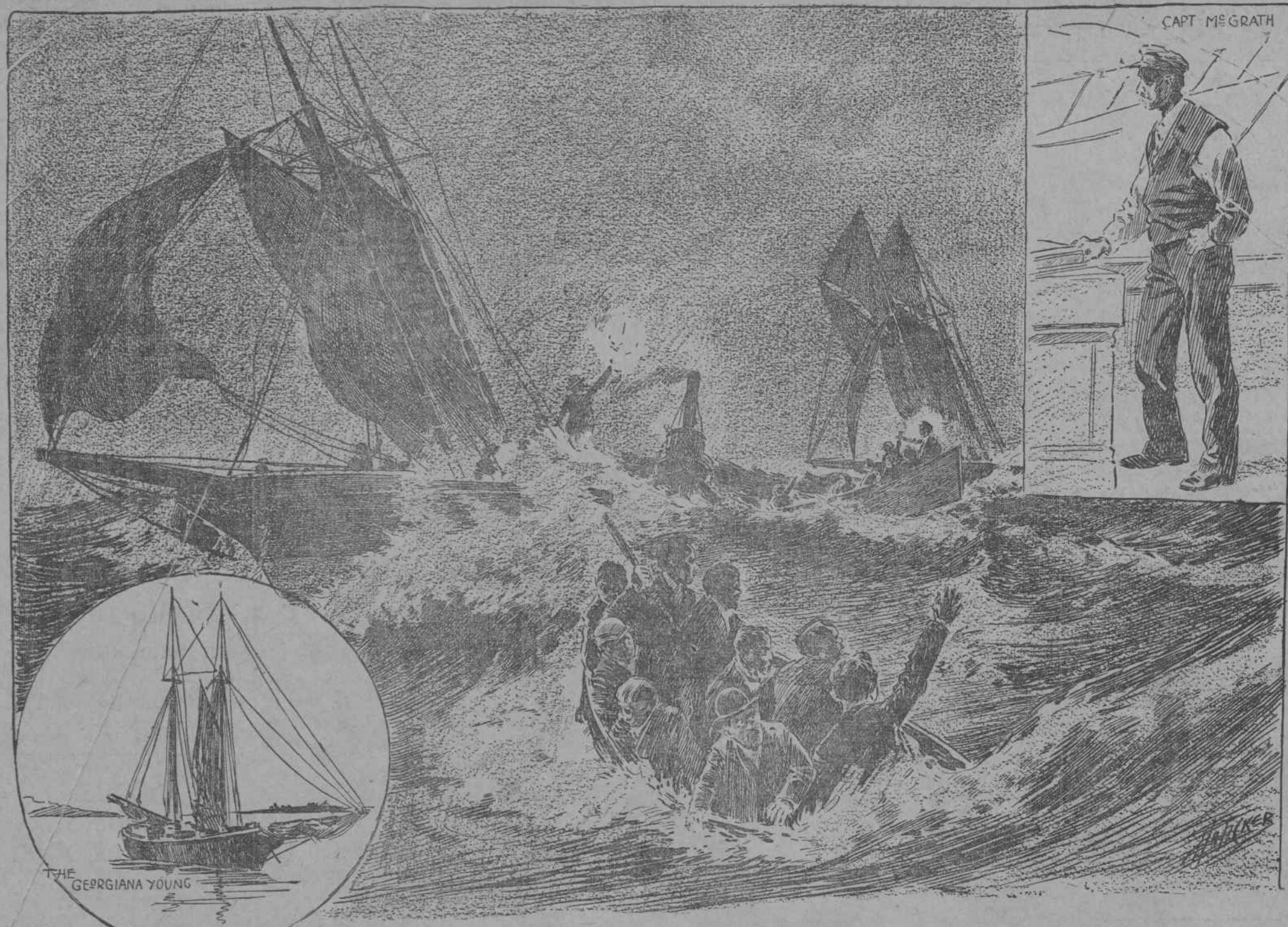
JUDGE LEVY IN A FIGHT.

While He Punished His Brother a Prisoner Took the Chance to Make His Escape.

Judge Levy and his brother Joseph, run a clothing store in Paterson, N. J., which also serves as a court-room. The brothers had a fight yesterday, and while they were pounding each other, Tully Richards, a prisoner, who had been brought in a few moments before by a constable, escaped. The prisoner was so amused at the fight that he stood on the threshold for some time watching Joseph punch the Judge and the Judge punch Joseph. The fight started in a dispute about the profits. The police were called to restore peace.

X Rays for Bullets.

It has been decided to try the X rays on Mrs. Rosina Drole, the woman who has been suffering for a month in the Manhattan Hospital from three bullet wounds, inflicted by Charles Perducci, who shot her at a restaurant, eating his life. All three bullets have been in her body ever since. It is said at the hospital that if the bullets are located by the X rays they will be removed, probably, as that would not prove the patient's condition.



FISHERS RESCUED FROM THE SCHOONER GEORGIANNA YOUNG, AGROUND NEAR ROMER SHOALS.

Without a compass, and with a trolley motorman for one of his crew of two, Captain McGarry sailed the aged craft down the bay with a party of twenty-four aboard. The schooner grounded Sunday night in a storm. Twenty-one, including Captain and crew, took to two dories, leaving six aboard. The tug C. E. Evert rescued these, towing the schooner to port. A pilot boat and a tug picked up the men in the boats.

HIS SONG A MOCKERY.

Author of "All Coons Look Alike to Me" Sued for Divorce by His "Lucy Janey Stubbles."

Talk about a coon having trouble, I think I have enough of my own. It's all about me, Lucy Janey Stubbles. And she has caused me heart to mourn. That's another coon, hater from Virginia. In poetry he's the leader of the day. And now my honey gal is sworn to quit me. Yes, she's gone and drove this coon away. She'd no excuse to turn me loose. I've been ahead.

I'm all confused, 'cause these words she did say: GEORGE. All coons look alike to me. I've got another bean, you see. And he's just as good to me as you, nig, ever tried to get me out of my head. He spends his money free. I know we can't agree. So I like you, no how. All coons look alike to me.

And Ernest Hogan, the well-known colored author, never thought when writing these popular lines that the future held in store for him a peck of trouble in which the part of Lucy Janey Stubbles was to be taken by his beautiful white wife, Mrs. Lillian Hogan.

Mrs. Hogan does not agree fully with the sentiment of her husband's song. She knows a difference in "coons"; that is why she selected a marital partner whose color differed from her own.

Hogan, who is thirty-two years old, is a full-blooded negro, and one of the best comedians of his race on the American stage.

Mrs. Hogan is suing him for divorce, and he also has a suit against her of the same nature. Yet, from all accounts, any other "coon" would not appear the same in her eyes. She was then twenty-eight years old and had attracted attention in San Francisco because of her beauty. She fell in love with Hogan, the affection was reciprocated and they went to the Rev. B. F. Briggs, celebrated for his "deep son marriages." The minister had his conjugal tug, the "Captain Blue" all ready, with steam up and they put to sea where, about five miles out, Miss Todhunter became Mrs. Ernest Hogan.

MYTH HUNTER MISSING.

Thomas Telford, of Kingston, N. Y., Lost in England While Searching for a Rainbow Pot of Gold.

Kingston, N. Y., July 26.—Thomas Telford, a well-known veterinarian of this city, who sailed for Europe, June 30, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Michael J. Kelly, of New York, mysteriously disappeared from the Euston Station, London, from which place the two men had secured tickets to Carlisle, their destination. All efforts of the London police to find Telford have failed.

Kelly has returned here with the sad news, and Telford's wife is distracted. For over a year past Telford claimed he had fallen heir to many thousand pounds cash, and much valuable lands and extensive walled mills, through the death of an aged aunt in Scotland, and it was on this account that he went abroad. It is now claimed that this story of the inheritance was a myth, and that the letters purporting to be from the alleged foreign solicitors which Telford exhibited among his friends here were all written by a young man in this city.

WRECK TOOK FIRE.

Two Coach Loads of Excursionists Dropped into a Cornfield and Fifteen Were Injured.

Marietta, O., July 26.—As an excursion train was returning from Zanesville, O., at 9:30 last night, the train took a wrong turn and three and a half miles from Marietta gave way, and two of the four coaches were dropped to a cornfield below. The coaches were filled with people, but no one was killed. About fifteen persons were badly injured, and all were more or less bruised. Miss Nellie Purdy, of this city, was among the injured. One of the coaches took fire, and some of the passengers were singed before they could escape. All the injured were brought to the city tonight.

SAV! IS IT COLD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

Variety Given to an Exasperating Mid-Summer Query Yesterday.

DAY A RECORD BREAKER.

Only Twice in 27 Years Has the Thermometer Touched So Low a Point.

It was what might be called "cold storage weather" yesterday. Nothing like it on the 26th day of July has been known for twenty-six years.

On July 26, 1871, the thermometer registered 61 degrees on Manhattan Island, the lowest on record. Yesterday it registered 62. Since 1871 there have been but two 26ths of July on which the inhabitants saw the mercury hover at the 62 mark—1879 and 1880.

It was not enough Sunday and Sunday evening. Along toward midnight a strong wind came off the ocean with suspicions of hoar frost in it. Tuesday New Yorkers awoke from their couches, shivering, and pulled down the windows, shutting out the howling of the breeze. Cloudy weather and easterly winds caused the cold wave Sunday night, according to the able gentlemen who prophesy in the Weather Bureau. They reject with scorn the suggestion that the discovery of the North Pole by Andree had anything to do with it.

Yesterday morning intemperate men who came down town wearing negligee shirts uncovered by waistcoats hunted Jamaica ginger and warm alcohol. Canary birds crouched in the bottoms of cages, inert, songless. Indifferently Colonel Waring's men hunted for their snow shovels, and the brigands who sell ice smote themselves and lamented sorrowfully. Gas stoves were put on the plane of uselessness occupied by electric fans, and coal dealers who do business in bushel lots had no need to think of Klondike pickings.

In the morning, when at 10 o'clock the thermometer hit the record mark, the sky was veiled in clouds. About noon the thermometer climbed slowly and the clouds leaked. Damp sheets of rain were spread all over Manhattan Island—rain that seemed too fine for an umbrella, but which nevertheless was wet.

The entire East shivered in the cold yesterday, but it was a whole lot preferable to Texas, for instance, where the thermometer registered 100, or to Memphis, where the reading was 96. The humidity here ranged between 89 and 90, considerably above normal, but not particularly noticeable on account of the low temperature.

A storm centering over the lake regions last night gave notice of impending trouble. For to-day it is predicted that southeastern gales will sweep the Middle Atlantic coast, and that rain will fall in this city—not the quiet, soft rain that fell yesterday, but a heavy, soaking, businesslike rain. And it will be warmer.

GIRL PROTECTS SPARROWS.

Mamie Piegrass Has Albert Ebeck Lectured for Throwing Stones at Them.

Mamie Piegrass is a bright little girl who does not believe in cruelty to dumb animals. She resides at No. 65 Bloomfield street, Hoboken. Next door, at No. 67, lives ten-year-old Albert Ebeck, who is full of mischief. Albert stoned the sparrows that flew around the street. Mamie told him to stop and, when he didn't, complained to Acting Recorder McCullough. The latter sent for Albert and lectured him. Then Albert promised to stone no more sparrows.

KARSTEN'S LAST CLIMB.

Touches a Live Wire as He Mounts a Telephone Pole, and Is Fatally Shocked.

William Karstens, twenty-eight years old, of No. 13 Liberty street, Newark, N. J., was electrocuted last night while climbing a high telephone pole in front of Kaufhold's Hotel, at No. 22 Commerce street. Karstens, to amuse himself, frequently climbed the high pole, sat on top of it and sang songs. He had often been warned of the danger attending the feat. Last night he visited the hotel, his wife having gone to care for a sick friend. While seated on the front stoop with several friends he said: "I guess I will climb the pole, just for fun."

His friends warned him against attempting it, but he insisted and up the pole he went. When he reached a height of twenty feet, where electric light wires pass the pole on either side, he attempted to pull himself on the cross arm between them, and, in doing so, seized one of the 3,000 volt wires.

Instantly blue flames shot from his arms and body, and without uttering a sound, he fell to the sidewalk below, landing on his head and donning up in an apparently lifeless heap.

An ambulance was summoned and Karstens was placed in it, but he was pronounced dead when he reached the hospital. The body was removed to the morgue. An examination showed that Karstens' skull was terribly broken and his right hand was burned to the bone.

GIRL STRANGELY MISSING.

Minnie Deland Disappears and Is Believed to Have Wandered Away in Her Sleep.

Minnie Deland disappeared from her home in Stony Brook, L. I., some time on Sunday night, and no trace of her has been obtained. Last night a searching party was out in the woods in hopes of obtaining some trace of the girl, but the start was made late, and it soon became too dark to continue the quest.

The missing girl was employed as a servant in the family of E. E. Topping. She is twenty years old. She was very devoted, and attended church regularly. On Sunday evening she left home to attend the Methodist Church. She went there and returned about the usual time. About 11 o'clock she bade the family good night and went to her room. Yesterday morning about 5 o'clock she was called. There was no response from her, and repeated rapings were useless. The door was opened and she was found lying on the floor. Her head had been split in. Downstairs the rear door was found open, but she was nowhere to be found.

An examination of the well and other places into which it was possible she might have fallen was made without result further than to prove she was in none of them. It is generally believed that the girl arose in the night, dressed herself and then wandered away. She had, however, never been known to walk in her sleep. There are others who believe the girl may have been carried away by tramps.

POWDERLY IS INSIDE.

President McKinley Reappoints Him and He Will Serve Until the Senate Considers His Case.

Washington, July 26.—The President today appointed Mr. T. V. Powderly Commissioner-General of Immigration. This nomination was made week before last, but as no action was taken by the Senate, the President has given the office during the recess. Mr. Powderly is thus upon the inside and will be in office during the time his nomination may be pending in the Senate during the next session.

There is certain to be a strong fight on the confirmation of Mr. Powderly by the labor unions and Knights of Labor societies, but he will be in the office while the fight is being made. He has visited the Treasury Department almost daily since first nominated, and is becoming familiar with the work of the bureau he is called upon to manage. It is quite likely that he will enter upon his duties at once.

Benedict's Yacht at Gray Gables. Bazzard's Bay, Mass., July 26.—The steam yacht Omada, with E. C. Benedict and members of his family on board, is in the harbor off Gray Gables. It is the intention of Mr. Benedict and party to remain a few days with ex-President Cleveland.

BADY ARMSTRONG HAD NO COFFIN.

Undertaker Donnelly Buried It in the Grave with a Strange Woman.

IN THE WRONG CEMETERY.

Frantic Mother Sought It in Evergreens, While It Was in Holy Cross.

"For nearly twenty days I have been trying to find the body of my infant son. It was taken from my home by Undertaker Donnelly, who agreed to bury it in Evergreens Cemetery. It was not buried there. After weeks of searching after complaining to the Board of Health and the Coroner's office, I am coolly informed that a body, thought to be that of my child, was interred in Holy Cross Cemetery July 24. Has a poor man no redress against such an outrage?"

Hugh Alexander Armstrong, a hard working printer, of No. 36 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, made this statement to the Journal yesterday. Investigation proved the story true and disclosed looseness in the system of issuing burial permits in Brooklyn.

The Armstrong child had been buried for weeks before the Board of Health was informed. It was buried without a permit, and the tiny form had been placed by the undertaker in a coffin containing the body of a woman, where it might have remained forever had not the outraged father and indignant mother forced the undertaker to disinter the body and place it in a separate grave.

"When my infant, which was only twenty-four hours old, died," said the heart-broken father, "Undertaker Donnelly, of No. 62 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, agreed to bury it for \$13. 'You are a poor man,' said he, 'and if you do not take a carriage to the cemetery I will bury your infant for \$8. I will save you losing a day's work.' I agreed. The undertaker took the body away, saying he would bury it in Evergreens Cemetery. Two weeks later my wife went to the cemetery to see where the body had been buried. She was informed by the cemetery officials that no such body had been buried in Evergreens. She came home nearly a maniac. When I got home she was prostrated. She could not tell me what had happened."

"I went to the Board of Health, and found they had no record of the burial. Then I called on Undertaker Donnelly. He told me the body was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery. The officials there said they had no record of the burial. Then I went back to the Board of Health and demanded an investigation. To my surprise, I was told yesterday, that on July 24, the Coroner went to Holy Cross Cemetery, viewed the body of my child, and granted a permit for its burial."

"I was not notified of the inquest, and, although I am a Protestant, the body of my child was, unknown to me, placed in Catholic grounds, nearly a month after I had supposed it buried in Evergreens. What proof have I this body is the body of my child, or that the coffin contains a body; at all? I have not the money to investigate the contents of that grave."

A Journal reporter saw the Superintendent of Holy Cross Cemetery yesterday. "On June 25 last," he said, "Undertaker Donnelly brought to this cemetery a permit for the burial of a Mrs. McKenna, and assigned a grave. July 24, the undertaker

disinterred the body, and to our amazement, took out of the coffin the body of the infant Armstrong. We objected to its reburial without a permit. The undertaker brought back a man we understood to be the Coroner's deputy, who took the necessary requisition, and the body was reburied."

"I can recall no similar case in my experience. I cannot see what object the undertaker had in burying the child in this fashion. It was a cruel proceeding. We know Donnelly very well, and would never suspect him of wrongdoing."

James J. Deegan, the personal deputy of Coroner Coombs, was greatly surprised yesterday at the developments disclosed by the Journal. "We were asked," he said, "to investigate the death of this child by the Board of Health. We went to the developments disclosed by this office and asked where the body was buried. He told us it had been taken to a vault in Holy Cross Cemetery, awaiting a burial permit. He said the certificate of death from the doctor had been lost. When we went to the cemetery the coffin was in a vault of the vault, and we took the inquisition."

"Are you aware the body was buried in a coffin with a strange woman without a permit?"

"No; but that does not concern this office. The Board of Health alone has jurisdiction."

"We are investigating the complaint," said the secretary of the Board of Health. In failing to file the certificate the undertaker violated an ordinance, and if he did so criminally he will be punished."

Donnelly was out of town yesterday and his wife claimed to know nothing of the matter.

RESCUERS' HEROIC FIGHT.

Indomitable Pluck of Fishermen Windler and White Saves a Helpless Yachting Party.

A heavy northeast wind blew the thirty-foot sloop yacht Cricket on the rocks off Shippan Point, in the Sound, near Greenwich, yesterday morning, and Tredwell, the owner, and two sailors, were rescued after a perilous experience.

The sloop was bound for Glen Cove, L. I., the home of the owner. The sea was so heavy that Mr. Tredwell lost his bearing and a great gust of wind caused the yacht to describe a circle several times and then blew her on a reef of rocks, and she filled rapidly.

The storm was at its height by the time the yacht was on the reef, and she filled rapidly. The owner and two sailors were in despair. Sallerman Sned climbed the mast and put up a signal of distress.

Meantime, James Windler and George White, fishermen, put out in a rowboat. A great wave upset the little craft and spilled the fishermen, but they swam ashore, and after getting a larger boat started again for the helpless sloop.

After a fierce struggle the rescuers reached the sloop. Mr. Tredwell and his two assistants were found clinging to the torn and twisted rigging. With the greatest of difficulty they were transferred to the lifeboat, and they began another battle to reach the shore. The wind was blowing a terrific gale. Twice the seas washed over the lifeboat and the boat again. At length the little party reached shore, totally exhausted. The Cricket was got off the reef.

LIZZIE NODINE HOME.

The Mystery of the Disappearance Cleared Up Very Simply.

The mystery of Elizabeth Nodine's disappearance is cleared up. The girl had been missing from her home, at No. 451 West Sixteenth street, for three days, and yesterday morning a general alarm was sent out for her by the park police.

Only a few hours after the police had been notified, Elizabeth smilingly walked in upon her distracted mother. She had been safe and comfortable all the while at the house of a kind lady.

The girl is deaf and dumb, and can neither read nor write. Somehow she strayed to the house of a person for whom Mrs. Nodine once did washing. Elizabeth had accompanied her mother to and fro on these occasions, and on this one had inexplicably turned up there after starting for Central Park. As she could not make her address known, a home was given her. A little playmate turned up there and told where she lived.

Preferred Palermo to Apia.

Washington, July 26.—During the session of Congress Charles H. How, of Nevada, was appointed and confirmed as Consul-General at Apia, Samoa. He did not care to take the place, and has now been selected for Consul at Palermo, Italy, and Luther W. Johnson, a lawyer, of Blair, Neb., will be named for Consul-General at Apia.

LEFT THE FURY OF A STORMY SEA

Captain and His Crew of Landlubbers Desert Six of Their Party.

ON THE SHOALS AT NIGHT.

Twenty-seven in an Aged Schooner Had Dared Neptune Without a Compass.

TWENTY-ONE TAKE TO BOATS.

Burn Clothing for a Signal, and the Entire Fishing Party Is Picked Up—Couldn't Even Reef a Sail.

Because the captain of the fishing schooner Georgianna Young had neither nerve nor compass he and his crew of two landlubbers and a fishing party of twenty-four men came near going into Davy Jones's locker yesterday morning. The craft grounded near Romer Shoals.

Going to sea in a tub would not be more foolhardy. The master was chicken-hearted; one of the crew was a Brooklyn trolley motorman, while the other had scarcely more nautical knowledge.

Twenty-one, who put to sea in two dories, were picked up and six who were abandoned on the schooner by the captain and crew were towed ashore yesterday.

Schooner Built in 1901. The Georgianna is thirty-six years old, and is not even painted to hide her age. She is 40 feet long; beam, 16 feet; depth, 6.8 feet. She is a two-master and is owned by the Fulton Fish Company, who chartered her to Captain Tom McGarry. He is a young man, tall and nervous.

Most of the fishing party were employees of the J. B. Johns Asbestos and Paint Works, of Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn. J. F. Martin had charge of it, and J. O. Thompson, Joseph Snyder, William Duckfield and Captain E. Holland helped make the arrangements. They invited some friends from New York, and each of the twenty-four paid \$1.25.

The start was made at 10 o'clock Saturday night. A fair breeze took the schooner out to sea and she anchored off Seabright, N. J., at 5 o'clock Sunday morning. The fishermen—those who were not sick—threw out their lines and at 10 o'clock, after a good catch of bluefish, they concluded to start home. There was hardly any breeze. The schooner drifted until 9 o'clock at night. Then Captain McGarry threw out an anchor and went below.

He was not to sleep at 10 o'clock and came above, to find a stiff breeze blowing. He ordered all sail set. Then his trouble began.

He had lost his bearings and his compass, as he explained, was in a repair shop. He stationed one of the excursionists, who claimed to have deep water experience, forward to look out for buoys or lights. "There is a buoy," cried the lookout, after a few minutes.

"Where?" asked the captain. "Two blocks to your right," was the land-lubber's answer. And the excursionist declared he could see the buoy on the left and a third discerned the buoy on the right. The wind was becoming a gale. The crew, Thomas Cragin and Charles Eichel, had taken in some of the reef, the ropes got in a snarl. Captain McGarry angrily called every one on deck to find the snarl. The sailors below, as the sea was breaking over the schooner.

It was then near midnight, and a few minutes after 12 o'clock the schooner grounded.

The excursionists, wild in confusion, rushed up the deck and above the forecastle of the sea they heard the captain shout.

"She's leaking, boys. That means death for all of us," the boats launched, for God's sake, quick."

All in a Panic. With the captain's nerve gone the excursionists were in a panic. The dories, each only big enough to hold seven dories, were swung out and were not the stant. The captain and crew were not the stant. The captain and crew were not the stant.

They were not crowded out. Six men were left on the schooner. A father and son were separated. The father, Robert Fisher, of No. 22 Twenty-third street, Brooklyn, being left on the schooner and his fifteen-year-old son being in a dory. They started to row, but the dory was not started. The captain called out: "Well, boys, what are you doing?"

"We'll come back for you," but all of the party felt it was a useless plan. They were not crowded out. Six men were left on the schooner. A father and son were separated. The father, Robert Fisher, of No. 22 Twenty-third street, Brooklyn, being left on the schooner and his fifteen-year-old son being in a dory. They started to row, but the dory was not started. The captain called out: "Well, boys, what are you doing?"

The dories were old and the water leaked through seams. Only two dories had been brought by one boat and none by the other. The boat with two dories gave the other one and a moment later they drifted apart with an air of being lost.

The men deserted by the captain were William Dockfield, of No. 307 West One Hundred and thirty-seventh street, Brooklyn; Robert Fisher and John Platt, of No. 55 Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn; Joseph Thompson, of No. 307 Stockton street, Brooklyn, and William Hupley, of No. 469 Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn.

The Boat Not Back Having a hole They found that instead of the boat having a hole in her bottom, as the captain had said, the schooner was uninjured. A five-gallon can of oil was found and a torch of papers, pillows and bed clothing soaked in oil, was kept burning. At 2 o'clock in the morning Captain McGarry, of the schooner E. C. Evert, ran to within halting distance and called out:

"Reef your mains'!" was the answer. "Then haul in your anchors." "How do you do it?" asked one of the wrecked men.

"What are you blankety blank idiots doing out here in a schooner," exclaimed Captain Brannan. A line was thrown to the schooner. The wrecked men then cut one of the anchor ropes and the tug towed the schooner to New York.

The schooner was towed for salvage, \$200 being claimed. One of the dories was picked up by Pilot Boat No. 20, the Joseph Pulitzer, and the other by the tug Wallace B. Flint, commanded by George Brannan, a lawyer, of New York. There were eleven in the boat, and the Evert's master.

Towed by a Yawl. The dory rescued by the pilot boat was towed by a yawl, sent out from the Pulitzer. Captain Petersen, in charge of the yawl, had trouble keeping the wrecked men from upsetting his boat, and had to knock one man insensible to keep him from clambering over the yawl's side. He then took the man on. There were eleven in the boat, and the Evert's master.

Captain McGarry was among those rescued by the pilot boat, and was landed with the others on Staten Island. He was barefooted and had lost his hat. He had injured his foot by stepping on a nail, and after making a hurried visit to the dock where the Georgianna had been towed, he went ashore. He has been lying aboard the boat, but did not return last night. Joseph Thompson, John Platt, and J. F. Martin were rescued yesterday and all blamed the captain's cowardice, the inexperience of the crew, and the lack of a compass for their trouble.